

# OUR FARM HOMES

**A** HAPPY man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

## Sowing Seeds in Danny

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(Continued from last week)

**SYNOPSIS.**—The Watson family live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson, a man of few words, who works on the "section," and nine children. Pearl Watson is an imaginative, clever little girl, thirteen years old, and is the mistress of the family. Mrs. Watson is often employed to wash and work for other people. Mrs. Watson is a drowsy woman, who has beautiful theories. "Wee Danny" is the idol of Pearl's eye, and is a favorite of Mrs. Francis, who tries some of her Mrs. Francis's domestic affairs. Camilla Rose is a capable young woman who looks after Mrs. Francis's house. Mrs. Francis has no chance to install her ideas and theories into poor Mrs. Watson's brain, whenever they present themselves. Mrs. Francis is known as the "pink lady" to the Watson children. They have an amusing time in Chapter 7, when the old doctor of the village, clever in his profession, but temperate, has a beautiful band was one of Mary's special duties, and she endeavors to get the Watson children interested. Mrs. McQuire, the next door neighbor of the Watsons, has a special interest in Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 8, when Mr. Sam Motherwell and his wife and son live on a farm near the Watsons. Mr. Motherwell is a well off but very stingy farmer. His dealings with the collector and the minister in Chapter 9 are a good indication of his character.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Butcher-Ride.

Patsy Watson waited on the corner of the street. It was in the early morning and Patsy's face bore marks of a recent and mighty conflict with soap and water. Patsy looked apprehensively every now and then at his home; his mother might emerge any minute and insist on his wearing a coat; his mother could be very tiresome that way sometimes.

It seemed long this morning to wait for the butcher, but the only way to be sure of a ride was to be on the spot. Sometimes there were delays in getting away from home. Getting on a coat was one; since Bugey got the worst of all. Since Bugey got the nail in his foot and could not go out the hat question was easier. The hat was still hard to find but not impossible.

Wilford Ducker came along. Wilford had just had a dose of electric oil artfully concealed in a cup of tea and he felt dejected. His mother had often told him not to play with any of the Watson boys, they were so rough and unladylike in their manner. Perhaps that was why Wilford came over at once to Patsy. Patsy did not care for Wilford Ducker even if he did not live in a big house with doors on it. Mind you, he did not wear braces, only a waist with white buttons on it, and him seven! Patsy's manner was cold.

"You gain't fer butcher-ride?" Wilford asked.

"Yep," Patsy answered with very little warmth.

"Say, Pat, lemme go," Wilford coaxed.

"Noppe," Patsy replied, indifferently.

"Aw, do, Pat, won't cher?" Mrs. Ducker had been very particular about Wilford's enunciation. Once she dismissed a servant for dropping her final g's, Mrs. Ducker considered it more serious to drop a final g than a dinner plate. She often

spoke of how particular she was. She said he had insisted on correct enunciation from the first. So Wilford said again:

"(Aw, do, Pat, won't cher?"

Patsy looked exceedingly down the street and began to sing:

How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck

If a wood-chuck could chuck wood.

What cher take fer butcher-ride, Pat?" Wilford asked.

"What cher got?"

Patsy had stopped singing, but still beat time with his foot to the imaginary music.

Wilford produced a jack-knife in very good repair.

Patsy stopped beating time, though only for an instant. It does not do to be too keen.

"It's a good up," Wilford said with pride. "It's a Roger, mind ye—two blades."

"Name yer price," Patsy considered, after a deliberate examination.

"Lemme ride all week, ord'r in and deliver."

"Not much, I won't," Patsy declared stoutly. "You can ride three days for it."

Wilford began to whimper, but just then the butcher cart whirled around the corner.

Wilford ran toward it. Patsy held the knife.

The butcher stopped and let Wilford mount. It was all one to the butcher.

He knew that he usually got a boy at this corner.

Patsy ran after the butcher cart. He had caught sight of someone whom Wilford had not yet noticed.

It was Mrs. Ducker. Mrs. Ducker had been down the street ordering a brace of pears. Mrs. Ducker was just as particular about pears as she was about final g's, so she had gone herself to select them.

When she saw Wilford, her son, riding with the butcher, well, really, she could not have told the sensation it gave her. Wilford could not have

told, either, just how he felt when he saw his mother. But both Mrs. Ducker and her son had a distinct sensation when they met that morning.

She called Wilford, and he came. No sooner had he left the seat than Patsy Watson took his place.

Wilford dared not ask for the return of the knife; his mother would know that he had dealings with Patsy Watson, and his account at the maternal bank was already overdrawn.

Mrs. Ducker was more sorrowful than angry.

"Wilford!" she said with great dignity, regarding the downcast little boy with exaggerated scorn, "and you a Ducker!"

She escorted the fallen Ducker sadly homeward, but, oh, so glad that she had saved him from the corroding influence of the butcher boy.

While Wilford Ducker was unfastening the china buttons on his waist, preparatory to a season of rest and retirement, that he might the better ponder upon the sins of disobedience and evil associations, Patsy Watson was opening and shutting his new knife proudly.

"It was easy done," he was saying to himself. "I'm kinder sorry I jewed his down now. Might as well have let him have the week. Sure there's no luck in being man."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### How Pearl Watson Wiped Out the Stain.

Mrs. Motherwell felt bitterly grieved with Polly for failing her just when she needed her most: "after me keepin' her and puttin' her up all



#### Making Friends.

There is an attraction in our calves that is founded on sentiment. We should make pets of them when young so that they will develop a good disposition, so that they means contentment and contentment is conducive to good health.

summer," she said. She began to wonder where she could secure help. Then she had an inspiration!

On the caboose. The oldest Watson girl was big enough to work. They would get her. And get ten dollars' work out of her if they could.

The next Saturday night John Watson announced to his family that old Sam Motherwell wanted Pearl to go out and work off the caboose debt.

Mrs. Watson cried, "God help us!" and threw her apron over her head.

"Who'll keep the dander out of me hair?" Mary said tearfully, "if Pearl goes away?"

"Who'll make me remember to spit on me warts?" Bugey asked.

"Who'll keep house when ma goes to wash?" wee Tommy wailed dimly.

Danny's grievance could not be expressed in words. He buried his tousy head in Pearl's apron, and Pearl saw at once that her whole house were about to be submerged in tears, idle tears.

"Stop you bleatin', all of yer!" she commended in her most authoritative voice. "I will go!" she said, with blazing eyes. "I will go, I will wipe

the stain off me house once and forever!" waving her arm dramatically toward the caboose which formed the sleeping apartment for the boys. "To die, to die for those we love is nobler far than wear a crown!" Pearl had attended the Queen Esther cantata the winter before. She knew how poor Esther felt.

On the following Monday afternoon everything was ready for Pearl's departure. Her small supply of clothing was washed and ironed and neatly packed in a bird-cage. It was Mary who thought of the bird-cage, "sittin' down there in the cellar don't nothin' and with a 'andle on it, too." Mary was getting to be almost as smart as Pearl to think of things.

Pearl had bidden good-bye to them all and was walking to the door when her mother called her back to repeat her parting instructions.

"Now, mind, Pearl, not to be pickin' up wid strangers, and speakin' to people yer don't know, and don't be showin' yer money or makin' change wid anyone."

Pearl was not likely to disobey the last injunction. She had seventeen cents in money, ten cents of which Toddy had given her, and the remaining seven cents had come in under the heading of small sums, from the other members of the family.

She was a pathetic little figure in her brown and white checked dress, with her worldly effects in the bird-cage, as she left the shelter of her father's roof and went forth into the untrodden world. She went over to Mrs. Francis to say goodbye to her and Camilla.

Mrs. Francis was much pleased with Pearl's spirit of independence and spoke beautifully of the opportunities for service that would open for her.

"You must keep a diary, Pearl," she said enthusiastically. "Set down in it all you see and feel. You will have such a splendid opportunity of observing plant and animal life—the interesting. I will be so anxious to hear how you are impressed with the great green world of Out Doors! Take care of your health, too, Pearl; see that your room is ventilated."

While Mrs. Francis elaborated on the elements of proper living, Camilla in the kitchen had opened the little bundle in the cage, and put into it a pair of stockings and two or three handkerchiefs, then she slipped in a little purse containing ten shining dime and a ten cent piece and an orange. She arranged the bundle to look just as it meant before, so that she would not have to meet Pearl's gratitude.

Camilla hastily set the kettle to boil and began to lay the table. She could hear the velvet tones of Mrs. Francis' voice in the library.

"Mrs. Francis speaks a strange language," she said, smiling to herself, "but it can be translated into bread, and butter and apple sauce, and even know how to interpret it."

Well, it seems to be my mission to dig into the gap—I'm a miss with a misliss as she spoke—I'm something of a health talker, too."

Camilla knocked at the library door and in answer to Mrs. Francis' invitation to enter, opened the door and said:

"Mrs. Francis, would it not be well for Pearl to have a lunch before she starts for her walk in the country."

"How thoughtful you are, Camilla!" Mrs. Francis exclaimed with honest admiration.

Thus it happened that Pearl Watson, aged twelve, began her journey